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SOMETHING SACRED AND SUBLIME WEIGHING THE DEEDS OF MEN.

Oh, import deep as life is, deep as time,
There is a something sacred and sublime,
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our ken,
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart O soul of sorrow, and be strong:
There is One greater than the whole world's wrong.
Be hushed before the high benignant Power
That goes untarrying to the reckoning hour.

O men that forge the fetter, it is vain:
There is a Still Hand stronger than your charm,
'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer and nod,

Edwin Markham.

THE PACIFIC

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"ABOVE ALL NATIONS IS HUMANITY."

Among the gifts of Goldwin Smith, one of the world's famous scholars, to Cornell University, was a seat carved out of granite whereon several persons could sit together comfortably, and in the back of which were carved the words, "Above All Nations Is Humanity."

When Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the eminent Unitarian minister of Chicago, was at the Hague as a member of the Ford Peace Expedition, the venerable ex-Prime Minister of Holland asked him one day, "What is the subject of your address tomorrow? Dr. Jones replied, "I call it, 'Above All Nations Is Humanity.'" After a brief silence, evidently in deep deliberation, the venerable Hollander asked with great directness, "Why do you not call it, 'Above All Nations Is God?'" Dr. Jones says that the question struck him hard; but he replied, "I think I mean the same thing." "It may mean the same thing to you," said the aged Hollander, 'but not quite to me."

Speaking of this not long ago in an address in Chicago, Dr. Jones said: "The venerable Hollander probably spoke from the Calvinistic standpoint, certainly from a healthy Calvinistic inheritance, and I took his word from the standpoint given me by the prophets with whom you are acquainted. But the question was pertinent; whether you speak from the standpoint of Calvin or of Channing, from Bible text or the verdict of science, from Moses or Darwin, above all nations is God; and all nations, like individuals, are amenable to the God of Justice and Right; nations as men are weighed in the balance of the Eternal, which are founded in equity, and the determining figures are written in the signatures of love and justice."

Imbedded in the idea set forth in the foregoing is, of course, the thought that was in the mind of Goldwin Smith, when he caused those words to be carved in granite at that great educational institution. It was not merely that above nations is God, or Humanity as a divine force, to whom all are amenable and who is working out right ends—perhaps not that at all—but that Humanity is **first, is high about all, is the one entity that is to be considered;** that the question never should be, What is for the good of the Nation? but, What is for the good of Humanity? And that, only that, can be a national good which is for the good of Humanity.

There would be no war in Europe today if the nations engaged in that awful conflict had not long been seeking each its own. And wars will continue to be until nations learn the lesson that "Above All Nations Is Humanity." The remedy for war is Brotherhood.

"God of us who kill our kind!
Master of this blood-tracked Mind,
Which from the Wolf and Caliban
Staggers towards the star of Man—
Now, on Thy cathedral stair,
God, we cry to Thee in prayer!

"Where our stifled anguish bleeds
Strangling through Thine organ reeds,
Where our voiceless songs suspire
From the corpses in Thy choir—
Though thy charred and shattered nave,
God, we cry on Thee to save!

"Save us from our tribal gods!
From the racial powers, whose rods,
Wreathed with stinging serpents, stir
Odin and old Jupiter
From their ancient hells of hate
To invade thy dawning state."

Should that be the peoples' prayer today? This rather should be their prayer:

"We who craven in our prayer,
Would lay off on Thee our care—
Lay instead on us Thy load;
On our minds thy Spirit's goad,
On our laggard wills thy whips
And Thy passion on our lips!

"Fill us, with the reasoned faith
That the prophet lies who saith
All this web of destiny,
Torn and tangled, cannot be
Newly wove and redesigned
By the Godward human mind.

"Teach us, so, no more to call
Guidance supernatural
To our help, but heart and will—
Know ourselves responsible
For our world of wasted good
And our blinded brotherhood.

"Lord, our God, to whom, from clay,
Blood and mire, Thy peoples pray—
Not from Thy cathedral's stair
Thou hearest:—Thou criest **through** our prayer,
For our prayer is but the gate:
We who pray—ourselves are fate."

ABOVE ALL INDIVIDUALS IS HUMANITY.

Operating destructively among individuals is the same principle which operating between the nations brought on the great war in Europe. In the one case it was Nationalism; in the other is is individualism. Applied to nation and to individual alike it is self-desire, self-interest. Emblazoned along the world's horizon for centuries has been the sentiment, "self preservation is the first law of Nature. Men have believed the lie and have governed themselves accordingly.

But light dawned, and increasingly today men realize that acting on that principle the Man of Nazareth would never have gone to Calvary. Giving his life for others he saved it and has today a name above every other name.

The call of the Christ in the years of his incarnation

was "Follow me." Imitate my example! "I am the way, the truth and the life."

Down through the ages men often have thought that they were following him when in reality they were far from him.

Today there is a new conception of what it means to be one of Christ's men, a new conception also of what humanity is some time to be on this old earth—not away up in the skies but right here on the soil our feet tread today. And men realize also that all this glory is to be wrought out through them, that they are workers together with God for the ushering in of the new heaven and the new earth.

Oh, that men everywhere could get the vision, and help to speed the glad day!

Humanity is one. We as individuals make up a great whole, just as certainly as our hands and feet and eyes and other material parts of us make up what we call our bodies. Each part is necessary, and each should be cared for and nurtured. To neglect one part is to impair the whole. Would that capital and labor could learn the lesson of oneness! A conflict as awful as that going on now in Europe between the great nations of the world will be upon us soon if men fail to realize and put into practice the truth that we are members one of another—that high over the individual is Humanity.

"Alas, how much of life is lost—
How much is black and bitter with the frost,
That might be sweet with the sweet sun,
If men could only know that all are one!

"But it will rise, Love's hero-world at last,
The joy-world, wreathed with freedom, and heartease—
The world love-sheltered from the wolfish law
Of ripping tooth and clutching claw."

A THEOLOGIAN ON THE CHANGED IDEA OF INDIVIDUAL DUTY.

If civilization is not to go down in utter ruin, men must be brought to realize what their duty is and be furnished also with the dynamic which will cause them to do their duty. The changed conception of individual duty which has laid hold of not a few persons of late is finely set forth by Dr. William Adams Brown of Union Theological Seminary, in an article on "The Duty for Tomorrow," in his recent book, "Is Christianity Practicable?" We quote therefrom:

"There was a time not long ago when individual duty was conceived in terms of charity. Alms-giving was the Christian duty par excellence. The rich man gave of his superabundance to the poor, and the man of moderate means to the man who had less; and when he had done this he conceived that he had done all that he needed to do.

"But we are coming to see that this is a wholly inadequate conception of Christian ethics. It is not alms that man needs but Justice! not the alleviation of poverty, but its removal. What we ask of the rich man is not that he should be kind to his dependents, but that he should co-operate, with them in bringing about a social order in which they shall no longer be dependent. More precious than gold, more to be desired than comfort, is personal self-respect; and personal self-respect is difficult to the man whose very existence is dependent upon the bounty of another. As has been well said: 'He who controls the sources of man's subsistence, in effect controls his will.'"

A NEW YORK BUSINESS MAN DECLARES THAT INDIVIDUALISM MUST GO.

Terrible experiences are in store for mankind if men are not brought soon to the basis of brotherhood in their industrial relations. In an article just preceding this one we have quoted a theologian as to Individual Duty. What a business man, a man of wealth and of wide study and experience has to say may impress some minds more than the theologian will. We quote accordingly from an article by Mr. George W. Perkins in a recent issue of the New York Times:

"The changes of the last twenty-five years, socially, industrially, and economically, have been great, yet I believe they are infinitesimal compared to the changes that are coming. I believe these changes are going to deal most largely with the relationship of man to man.

"In this country we have been living in an age of the utmost freedom to the individual. It has been the individualistic period, when the order of the day has seemed to be every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost. We have gloried in the freedom of the individual and have practiced this freedom to a point where, in many phases it has amounted to do almost anything that we please or that brought profit or fancied renown, regardless of its effect on one's fellowmen.

"In the early days, when instantaneous intercommunication did not exist, when education was meagre and science undeveloped, what the individual did was of comparatively small consequence, for his deeds did not reach very far and did not affect many people.

"With intercommunication drawing the world together in one centralized community, the act of the individual can affect a large number of people; therefore, that form of freedom which is simply another expression for license to do as one pleases can no longer exist.

"When Manhattan was sparsely settled and most of the people lived on its southern end it would not have mattered much had there been a case of smallpox at the north end. The patient could have done pretty much as he pleased without endangering any one else. But a case of smallpox in the northern end of Manhattan today must be quarantined immediately, to protect other people.

"When Manhattan was sparsely settled and most of the tion of Cruelty to Animals, and had any one suggested that a man could not whip his horse as much as he pleased he would have been ridiculed. Indeed in those days the idea that a man had not the right to beat his own child as he pleased was given little attention.

"When we were all driving horses and buggies there was no speed limit, and a man did not have to procure a license to drive a horse. With the advent of the automobile a license has become a necessity. The public must know that the man who operates an automobile knows first how to operate it, and second, to control it.

"Society is finding it necessary to take away much of what has hitherto been called "freedom of the individual." In my judgment this process is only in its infancy.

"The freedom of the business man to do as he pleases is now being seriously challenged, and I most heartily agree with what John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said recently at Cornell University to the effect that one of the chief qualifications for a manager of a large business concern is rapidly coming to be the human quality and ability to adjust differences between the capitalist and laborer and to understand their relationship.

"In the long ago the relationship between capital and labor was that of owner and slave, then came the period of might makes right. All this is rapidly changing, and we are

entering a period of new industrial relationships.

"In the long ago the relationship between capital and labor was that of owner and slave, then came the period of master and man, then the period of employer and employe, each period being a decided step forward.

"In my judgment we are just now entering a period of copartnership, where the tool user will be part tool owner and where capital and labor will share more equitably in the profits of the profits of the business in which they are jointly engaged. This advance is inevitable because of our educational system, which teaches the workingman to think for himself. It is inevitable because inter-communication has told the workingmen in one community what the workingmen in other communities are striving for and achieving. It is inevitable because strikes and lockouts can never be settled satisfactorily or permanently by merely raising a man's wages. It is inevitable because it gives stability to business and because it is as advantageous to capital as to labor.

"As a matter of fact, when a workingman strikes, it is not merely to secure an increase in his wage; that is what the papers tell us the trouble is all about and that is what he asks for; but away down underneath what he is really striking for a larger per cent of the profits of the business. He may not realize this, but, subconsciously, this is precisely what he is doing. No mere increase in wages can ever satisfactorily solve this problem. It can be solved only on the basis of profit sharing.

"By profit sharing I do not mean bonus giving. I mean actual profit sharing plans, based on earnings of the busness, with a fair percentage to capital and a fair percentage to labor after ordinary wages and interest have been earned.

"Profit sharing can be done satisfactorily only when the business concern makes public its transactions, so that the laborer and stockholder can know as much about the business as does the manager himself.

"In the adjustment of difficulties between capital and labor I am confident that open books will accomplish much more than open shops.

"These changes are far-reaching and fundamental. What are we going to do about it? What is to be our mental attitude? How are we going to handle these problems?

"Can we approach them from the same point of view as did our fathers, who lived in a strictly individualistic age? Can we approach them from the knowledge we have gained from law books which were written in the individualistic age? If we do, we shall be combating the mighty onward rush of new thought and new conditions provided in large measure by the scientist, the educator, the inventor.

"What is the outlook? Is it a sad, pessimistic future that unfolds? Does life hardly seem worth living under the new conditions or does it hold out an optimistic future, with finer opportunities and more worth-while goals?

"Let me see if I can picture it as I see it. First, just a glance into the past. About the only goal we have had has been the Almighty Dollar. The first question asked when man dies is, How much was he worth? with scarcely a thought as to how much he did for his community or his country. But what has it all amounted to? Have the men who have lived and worked simply to acquire great fortunes obtained peace of mind, happiness, and honor How many of them could answer yes? Has the country been benefitted by the course they have taken? A very large majority of our countrymen would answer no.

"On the whole, the individualistic age has not been a success, either for the individual or the community in which he has lived, or the nation.

"We are, beyond question, entering on a period where the welfare of the community takes precedence over the interests of the individual and where the liberty of the individual will be more and more circumscribed for the benefit of the community as a whole. Man's activities will hereafter be required to be not only for himself but for his fellowmen. To my mind there is nothing in the signs of the times so certain as this.

"Our only decoration—the Almighty Dollar—is receding into the background."

THE UNITED STATES AND THE IRISH TANGLE.

No recent event should be more a matter of rejoicing than the action of two hundred representatives in Congress, headed by Speaker Clark, in cabling to Lloyd George that the people of this country would be deeply stirred and their enthusiastic effort enlisted if the British people would settle immediately the Irish problem "in accordance with the principles announced by President Wilson in his address to Congress, asking it to declare war on autocracy for the world-wide safety of democracy and of small nationalities."

It was tactfully done. Lloyd George was reminded that he had been quoted as saying that the settlement of the Irish question was essential for the peace of the world and also for a speedy victory in this world war. Starting with this statement, there followed the question, "May we suggest?" etc.

Of course this action was resented by some. The people of Great Britain are divided on the Irish question. One member of the House of Commons began the question, "Would America tolerate interference on our part in a question—?" He was cut short by the Speaker of the House by the call, "Order, order!" When another member asked if it would not be desirable to request the American Government to refrain from interference altogether in the war, there was no reply.

We have already heard it remarked here in our country that this Irish question is none of our business. We must dissent. We believe that, as something relating to our common humanity, it was some of our business before we became allied with Great Britain in the war. And now it is much more our business. If it isn't our busness to make any suggestions we'd better withdraw before we are led like lambs to the slaughter; and an awful slaughter it is going to be if we too are going in with the thought that somehow we shall muddle through.

Justice must be made to rule in the world; and if we can help toward it for Ireland, we ought not through error of judgment or through cowardice shrink from giving aid at least by tactful suggestion. There are those who think that such things are even worth fighting for. Was it for anything other that we entered into war with Spain? Was it not in the interest of an oppressed people? But do not press this too far; we are not saying just how the Irish question should be settled, merely that it should be settled by Great Britain, and justly settled.

It would be of interest to know who initiated the movement for this suggestion. Did it come from American initiative, or was it at the suggestion of the British Embassy, or from some one in England desiring to have the Irish question pushed to an early settlement?

No impulse is too splendid for the simplest task; no task is too simple for the most splendid impulse.—Phillips Brooks.

IS IT DEMOCRATIC TO DO AS YOU PLEASE?

Evidently some people think that it is. Democracy, in their judgment, implies freedom to pursue their own independent course, to be guided by their own whims and fancies, consulting their own interests, without regard to the interests of others. There are certain rules of the game that they are willing to observe, but any change in the rules is resented if in any respect the changes run counter to them as individuals, no matter what the benefit may be to others because of the change.

The first question that comes to the large majority of persons with respect to any proposed law, rule, or regulation, is, How is this going to effect me? It is not as it should be, How is it going to effect people in general? Will it be for the general good?

The finest definition of a democratic government is found in Lincoln's words, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." Very many persons lose sight of the fact that it is for the people. They like to dwell on the fact that it is of the people and by the people; but for some reason they do not like to think of it as for the people —for the common good. We say they do not like to think of it in this way. This is doubtless too sweeping. It should be expressed this way: From lack of vision they fail to lay the proper emphasis on "for the people"—all the people, the people in their entirety, the community, the state, the nation, and ultimately of course all mankind.

We have been led to this expression of thought by the remarks made in Congress and elsewhere, to the effect that conscription is undemocratic. In our judgment it partakes of the very essence of democracy. If ours is to be in reality a government for the people, we shall have to get away from the notion that every man can be allowed to do as he pleases. And that is exactly what the volunteer system does do; it allows men to volunteer or not volunteer, and at a time when the country greatly needs them; it is undemocratic; it is not according to the principle of "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

It has been stated in the daily papers that young men are hastening to volunteer, so as to escape what some call the ignominy of being drafted. If they could but see it aright the ignominy—if such there can be in any case—would be found to be in rushing to escape from a system far more glorious than one which allows men to do as they please. This country has got to get away from that selfish notion. We shall have to subject ourselves to discipline, learn to pursue more straightforward courses instead of flying off on tangents, have more marks and be taught to toe those marks, or we shall soon be left behind in the onward march of the world.

I WILL SUFFER WITH MY RACE!

I said, "I will take my life
And throw it away;
I who was fire and song
Will turn to clay.

I will lie no more in the night
With shaken breath;
I will toss my heart in the air
To be caught by Death

But out of the night I heard
Like the inland sound of the sea;
The hushed and terrible sob
Of all humanity.

Then I said, Oh, who am I
To scorn God to his face?
I will bow my head and stay
And suffer with my race.
—Sara Teasdale, from "Rivers to the Sea."

THE LITTLE CORK AND THE BIG BAR.

Silent and cold 'neath the grimy vault
Of the factory's roof of slate
They hung a ponderous block of steel,
Full a hundred pounds in weight.

And close beside it on silken threads
A fragment of cork was hung;
And some one, giving the cork a push,
Like a pendulum there it swung.

At every beat of that tiny ball
It struck on the steel a blow,
While men of the shop stood round and watched
To see—"how the thing would go."

They laughed and jeered at the merest thought
That the cork had an atom of power
By which it could cause that block of steel
To oscillate in an hour.

Only one man in the scoffing crowd
Had faith in the deep design,
And he, with a steady and skillful hand,
Kept the rhythmic blows in line.

Moment by moment his test went on,
And the tap—tap—tap was heard;
When lo, at length, the cold, gray steel
Shuddered—and trembled—and stirred!

And then, ere the testing hour expired,
The cork and the bar as one
Were swinging in unison through the air;
And the sceptical crowd was dumb.

How oft in this world of sin and woe
Have evils, like bars of steel,
Been moved from their ancient seats of power
By the heart-throbs that they feel.

A stagnant soul for a time may sleep,
But at length it will wake and move
When touched through the years of joy and pain
By the still sweet breath of love.

Be patient, my heart, and be faithful, my hand,
Let others grow hasty who may,
The slightest endeavor with God on its side
Must win at the Judgment Day.
—John Philo Trowbridge, in the Boston Transcript.

Kindness does not allow us to be untrue in our words or unjust in our deeds, but it implies a constant control over the tongue and hand, so that the spirit in which we act and speak shall be gentle and considerate of the feelings of all other human beings.—Nicholas P. Gilman.

Every day we are to prepare, not for death, but for life; for, if we live well and wisely here, we may certainly trust God as to our hereafter.—James Freeman Clarke.

LIFE IN CHINA.

B. F. Sargent.

China And Palestine.

One is reminded continually that he is in the Orient, and that many of the customs prevailing here, prevailed in the land where Jesus lived. Yesterday we passed a threshing floor with its piled up heaps of gathered grain waiting to be threshed. There were stacks of millet and several kinds of grain; also beans and sesame; these will be spread on the smooth earth which has been beaten down hard, and a stone roller will be passed over the grain; then the straw will be lifted off and the grain winnowed from the chaff by throwing it up in the air. If the wind is not sufficient to do this, the farmer has "his fan in his hand." The wheat and beans are gathered into sacks and the chaff is burned for fuel.

Last Sunday in our daily walk we saw the "gleaners" following the bean harvesters; a dozen women and children who grab eagerly at any stray stalks that have been left. When the cotton is fit for gathering, the gleaners are most active. A certain day is set by the chief official, on which all cotton fields are thrown open to the poor. Long before dawn they gather, and at the signal rush forward to secure what they may with which to make their wadded garments for winter.

The wells of China remind one of the well near Sychar at which Jesus talked with the woman of Samaria. Every village has its well, and from it water is carried to each family.

Grinding at the mill is common, though it is generally done by the family donkey; yet in the small villages it is still "two women who are grinding at the mill."

City walls are always an adjunct of large cities, though often the bulk of the population is found living outside. Still they are thought to be necessary for the protection of their officials and of their general interests. Of Canaan the spies reported, "The cities are walled and great." The judges always sat at the gates.

Great lamentations by hired mourners are common with the well-to-do, the funeral services lasting all day with accompanying feasts. Feasts are also essential at a proper wedding, also fire-crackers, and music. It is impossible to discern a wedding from a funeral celebration at a distance. Close at hand one sees that the red indicates a wedding and white a funeral. A burial place is provided for, long in advance, as in Abraham's time. And the same bargaining prevails. It is first offered as a gift as are many other things, which means always that two prices will be expected before the article is actually purchased.

The Chinese do not use profane language, as they have no god to swear by. In place of that they "revile one another." This is dreaded by the party reviled, and used as a final and effective weapon. But Jesus said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, falsely."

Modes Of Travel In China.

Only the largest cities have electric cars. Even steam systems are rare though the few there are give excellent service at reasonable rates.

The jinricksha may be described as a grown up two-wheeled baby cab with a man in the shafts, pulling you along at a great rate. They are really an importation from Japan and are only found in a few cities.

The donkey is a direct descendent from Job's 'wild ass of the desert" but is sadly degenerated by ages of abuse. One day at Pettaiho, one of our church dignitaries was tumbled off from one of them on his way to a picnic at Lotus Hills. Returning for a fresh suit of white, he met Mrs. Arthur Smith who noticing his muddy condition asked "Brother L. did you pray about the donkey before starting out?" Mrs. Smith, was his reply, I think these Chinese donkeys are past praying for."

The joys of a Chinese cart have been well set forth by Miss Glover of the Methodist Board by the following which may be sung as a solo with a quartette chorus to the tune "Tramp, tramp, tramp."

In my Chinese cart I sit thinking colleagues dear of you
And the many easy chairs so far away;
And my eyes are filled with dust, spite of all I can do,
While o'er China's plains we bump the livelong day.

Bump, Bump, bump, the cart goes bumping,
Cheer up traveler, you'll get there:
And upon some downy K'ang you will rest your weary bones
Thinking sleep will end your every ache and care.

But alas it's not to be; for in sleep you still move on
Over ruts or rocks or streams or sandy ground;
Or you wake from troubled sleep, light your candle in a rush
Vow to kill that little beast that prowls around.

Grab, grab, grab, the chase grows frantic
Cheer up sufferer, you'll succeed:
And within some little pond you will drown your "chamois" swift,
And will hope for sweet repose, from suffering freed.

Just as once again you dream, comes a penetrating call
From the kith and kin of Balaam's speaking steed,
And the fowls and dogs and pigs all respond with loudest voice
Telling you 'tis time to rise and onward speed.

Up, up, up, they all are calling,
Wake up, sleeper, you must rise .....
For a hundred Li of road lie before your wheels today,
Ere at night on restful K'ang you close your eyes.

So you eat your soft boiled egg and you drink your cocoa hot
And within your narrow cage you sit so low;
Then your sleepy eyes you close, and no more the sides you grasp
And from side to side with cruel force you go.

Whack, whack, whack, your head goes bumping,
Sit up traveler, hold on tight,
Or you'll find that Chinese carts, when they hit you sudden like,
Make the trees and star all dance before. ....

The wheel barrow might be called a one-wheeled "ricksha" with this difference, the man in the shafts pushes, while the one ahead pulls with a rope. The passenger half reclines, riding backward. The barrow is reserved for the hill country, or for freight.

The house-boat may be called the poetry of motion. Thirty-five feet by eight, the craft is divided into compartments. The extreme front is for the crew and the "trackers" and the aft is for the captain and his family; while all between is yours. One of the central divisions is your kitchen and dining room, another is your sleeping room and the third your living room. So you get your meals at your leisure, and watch the slowly unfolding panorama disclose itself. The trackers, four in number are at the end

of a two hundred foot rope, on the bank, and draw your boat through thewater at the raate of thirty miles a day while you wish that the trip might go on until the river freezes up for the winter.

But after all the common way of locomotion in China is walking. And the walking is always good, except when it is bad, and that is while it is raining, or just after a rain. While the wagon roads are mere ruts, worn deep from centuries of use, a foot path always runs along the side for foot passengers and wheelbarrows. One of the great roads of China is a state highway system. The roads are common property, though the state takes no recognition of them. When China wakes up, the first demand will be for good roads, cared for and protected by the state.

CHURCH WORK IN NOME.

A Congregational church was established in Nome, Alaska, in 1900, soon after the discovery of gold in the sand of Bering Sea. In 1906 a Methodist Episcopal church was organized. For some time these churches, as well as an Episcopal church, found a good field of work, but after a few years readjustments were found necessary. Present conditions along with the condition and changes leading up to the present, are set forth in an article by the Rev. Dr. John Parsons of Nome, in the Pacific Christian Advocate, from which we quote as follows:

Nome is kept up mainly by placer gold mining, which fell off sharply after the first few years. With the decline of population, business houses consolidated, or closed, and the same pressure was felt by the churches. In 1911 the pastor of the Congregational Church returned to the States, and the local church proposed a federation of the two congregations with the Methodist pastor in charge of the work; and three years later the Episcopal Church withdrew from the field.

In 1911 the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church sent Miss Barnett to Nome to begin settlement work among the Eskimos. The field was ripe for this undertaking, and it met with marked success from the beginning. With the consent of Bishop Cooke, the Methodist Church and parsonage were leased to the Woman's Home Missionary Society for this work, and it is now one of the foremost native missions in Alaska. As a result both churches are used in the work of the Kingdom of our Lord.

Under the plan of federation each church kept up its organization, and joined together for service. Each denomination was to supply the pulpit for a period of two years. It has worked well so far; the Methodist church has supplied the work four years, and the Congregational church two. It is a community church, and nearly all denominations are represented in its social organizations and religious work.

There is some question, however, as to the future administration of the church, which the proper authorities will act upon in due time. Locally, the present arrangement is satisfactory; but in view of the fact that the Methodist church property is used for Eskimo work and will be indefinitely, the bishop of the Methodist church may ask the Congregational church to assume all responsibility for English-speaking work in Nome.

A striking thing about the church in Nome is its isolation. Except the Roman Catholic church, this is the only church for English-speaking people on Alaska's western coast. Eskimo missions are numerous, but for evangelical white folks this is the only church. Its nearest neighbor is about 800 miles up the Yukon River. It is an outpost of evangelical Christianity, and must be maintained.

The catholicity of the church in Nome is indicated in its organization. A Methodist brother, who is temporarily in charge of the Eskimo mission at Sinuk, is a leading man in the church; the Sunday School superintendent is an elder in the Presbyterian church; the president of the Board of Trustees belongs to the Christian church; and an Episcopalian is president of the Ladies' Aid Society. In fact, we have Baptists, Christians, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Methodists' Moravians, and dwellers from afar working together for the common salvation. Some keep their membership in the home churches, expecting sooner or later to return, but they "do their bit" for the upkeep of the Nome Federated Church.

Last year was hard financially for the church. A great fall of snow, quite unusual even in Alaska, came in the winter of 1915-16. When the spring thaw set in the roof of the church was wrecked, partly by the weight of snow, and partly a result of faulty construction. Immediately the trustees sprang to the task, and in less than a week work of restoration commenced. The roof was restored, audience room renovated, an indirect lighting system installed, and other improvements made. It was a great undertaking for a small organization, but all the bills have been paid. The total budget for the year exceeded $3000.

Think of a community on the shores of a frozen sea, 800 miles from the nearest evangelical church, winter about eight months long, temperature from ten to forty below zero most of the time, and frequently swept by furious storms! For this community of several hundred people, and the country roundabout, this church is the lamp of the Lord.

In its Sunday School, the children are taught; at its altar, the little ones are baptized, and from its audience room the dead are carried to their burial.

Though hard to maintain in this frontier mining town, which is given to the quest of gold, and the pursuit of pleasure, it is the one thing that cannot be spared.

NATIONAL COUNCIL WILL MEET IN COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The Executive Committee of the National Council held an all day session in New York, April 26. Among the things considered was the time and place of this year's meeting as a substitute for the June date at Los Angeles which has been canceled.

The Committee found itself in the fortunate situation of having three invitations from which to select. Our Chicago fellowship immediately on learning of the change in plan promptly and generously renewed the offer of hospitality extended at New Haven in 1915. Dr. Patton of Columbus, Ohio, on behalf of the First Church and other Congregational churches there, wired a pressing invitation to meet in that city. Dr. Bradley, after a hurried consultation with other Cleveland leaders, telegraphed the assurance that an invitation would be forthcoming if the Committee were able to consider meeting in Cleveland.

After prolonged discussion of all the factors in the problem imposed by war conditions and the compulsory alteration of our arrangements, the Committee was unanimous in the conviction that the meeting this year should be held in Columbus. The churches are accordingly advised that the National Council will meet Wednesday, October 24 at 2 p. m. in the First Congregational Church of Columbus, Ohio. The meeting will, as usual, cover eight days. The Sunday included within this period will be Luther Sunday, devoted to the commemoration of the beginning of the Protestant Reformation.

The Committee trusts that the location selected, which

is at the numerical center of our denomination strength, will approve itself to the denomination and that all things will work together to produce the largest and most influential Council meeting in our history.

The Congregationalists of Columbus will begin at once on aggressive and elaborate plans for the entertainment of the gathering.

The Committee takes this opportunity of expressing on behalf of the denomination its warmest thanks to the different city groups who have so cordially come to our aid in this emergency.

Further announcement of Council plans will shortly be made.

HUBERT C. HERRING,
Secretary.

SHOULD IT BE TAKEN OUT OF THE POCKETS OF THE PEOPLE?

The San Francisco Oakland Terminal Railway is about to be put to an additional expense of many thousands of dollars annually by the decision by arbitration of a question between it and its employees as to hours of work and wages. To reimburse itself for this added outlay the company turns to the State Railway Commission and asks permission to charge more than three dollars a month for Key Route commutation tickets between San Francisco and the East Bay Cities. The Key Route is part of a system which for several recent years had a net annual income sufficient to pay a dividend on all its preferred stock, but on which nothing was paid for reasons known best by the company itself, but of course surmised by the public. For reasons best known by the company the railway system —Oakland Traction and Key Route—was so managed as to bring down to as low as four dollars a share stock that had been worth eighty dollars, while a net income sufficient to pay a good dividend on this stock at its former valuations continued.

A large amount of this stock has been bought up for a mere song by present stockholders. The query is, How much of it fell into the hands of the very men who wrought all this havoc? And to what extent should they or any one be allowed to profit by this manipulation even though it be technically legal?

The time is not far distant when men will be sent to the penitentiary for doing what today is legal. And every man of any vision at all knows very well today that business methods have got to be changed and people give at least as much thought for the other fellow as for themselves or our civilization is going down soon in anarchy.

What is the Railroad Commission to do in such a case as this? What can it do?

We understand that it can take into consideration somewhat the price paid for holdings, but that in the main the physical valuation of the property has to be the basis for consideration and decision.

It is to be hoped that the most thorough investigation will be given this corporation by the Commission and that every advantage that the law in its most liberal construction will allow will be given to a long-suffering public. Oakland Traction and Key Route—now constituting the San Francisco-Oakland Terminal Railways—link up with Realty Syndicate, and all together they make but one of the many so-called business reorganizations hereabout in the last few years which have been a disgrace to our State. Men and women and children are in suffering and poverty today because of them, while persons who in one way and another have profited thereby live in luxury and splendor.

We never look on certain bankers who have had to do with some of the shady "business" of recent years, as they sit in their wire cages without wondering whether they do not at times have the thought that these may in reality be prison bars—that in their greed to accumulate they are shutting themselves out from life.

At a certain critical time in the history of the Northern Pacific Railroad, Frederick Billings a large stockholder, the man who gave the name of Berkeley to the city in which is located the University of California, was offered inducements to arrange matters so as to protect his and other large interests without due consideration of the interests of the smaller stockholders; but he would have nothing to do with any plan which did not treat all with equal justice. History tells of a man known as the Lord of Butrago who refused to leave a lost battlefield because he could not endure that the wives of his vassals should point to him as one who had saved his own life where their husbands had perished.

There are men in Oakland and San Francisco who stand shamed in the light of such deeds as we chronicle here of Frederick Billings and the Lord of Butrago. And yet the world has got to come to their standard or dethrone the Man of Nazareth and turn men back to a descent to the brute.

We make no charges against any particular corporation in the foregoing. We apply to rotten business in general all that has been said. But we do want to say as to the San Francisco-Oakland Terminal Railways that there is much not only for the Railroad Commission to consider but also for the people of Oakland and Berkeley and Alameda to consider before renewed franchises should be granted. How much has this system cost the present holders? What above that sum will the cities have to pay for it when the time comes, as it presumably will to take it over and run it under municipal direction? Are men who have acquired their holdings for a mere song to be allowed to turn them over greatly to their enrichment? If so, these cities would better take the system when they can profit by the depression in stock that has been brought about, and not when they will have to stand up to laws that do not as yet allow morality and justice due consideration and influence. There are not a few laws today—state, national and international—that are really devilish when placed alongside the life and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth; and yet they are the best that men as yet have been able to get. As long as they exist, law-abiding people will have to observe them.

If, then, they can keep from coming up against such laws they should do so.

WAR PROHIBITION MEASURES ADVOCATED BY THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA.

Governor Carl E. Milliken of Maine, together with Rev. Frank Mason North and Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, respectively President and General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, sent the following telegram to President Wilson:

"Commission on Temperance of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, representing thirty leading Protestant denominations having a membership of eighteen millions, in session in New York City, petitions the President and Congress of the United States to pass a

bill for nation-wide prohibition as a war measure, preventing the manufacture and sale of liquor as a means of safety and efficiency, and to conserve the grain and other food products now being wasted in the manufacture of liquor. Under any circumstances it favors the prohibition of the sale of liquor to soldiers and sailors of the army and navy, by such means as may be most effective."

The telegram was also sent to Thomas R. Marshall, President of the Senate; Champ Clark, speaker of the House; Claude Kitchin, Democratic Floor Leader James R. Mann, Republican Floor Leader; and to Secretaries Newton D. Baker and Josephus Daniels.

Plans for a national campaign of education dealing specifically with the situation created by the war, were outlined by the Commission and steps were taken to augment the regular executive force of the Federal Council by securing the services as associated Secretaries of the various denominational Temperance Commissions' secretaries.

It was stated at the meeting of the Commission that in the manufacture of intoxicating liquor nearly 6,000,000,000 pounds of food material, equalled 12,000 loaves of bread per day.

The establishing of dry zones around all military camps and naval stations was urged as an immediate war measure, and a campaign to promote personal abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquor by enlisted men was agreed upon.

The relation of the workingman to the liquor problem will be given an important place in the proposed campaign. A monthly newspaper for workingmen which deals with the economic aspects of the liquor question is being published by the Commission. Original investigations of the saloon, which have just been completed, will serve as the basis of a publicity campaign.

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH OF SPRAGUE, WASH.

When I came to Sprague, Wash., in October, 1916, I found a small disheartened Congregational church of twenty members. The church had closed its doors eighteen months before and while some of the few resident members were very much alive; others had only "a name to live," and were not quite sure of the name. It had not always been so. The church was founded in the early eighties of the past century by the beloved and saintly missionary, Eells, and grew with the growth of the town; but about twenty years ago a fire wiped out a large part of the village, business moved out, families sought greener fields, and the church inevitably suffered in resource and membership.

Among its pastors in recent years were the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, of whom the writer knows nothing, and the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, now of Spokane, widely known as a sane, genial man of superior intellectual and spiritual culture. Even under such leadership the adverse conditions were not overcome and, as in so many such cases, the church languished, gasped and fainted. Possibly heartier co-operation, more earnest endeavor, and more generous support, might have saved her from the collapse, but the extra corpuscle or two of red blood were not forthcoming. Hence, the blinds were pulled down and the key was turned in the lock; to be turned back again only—for funerals.

In order to plant a nursery for the future of the church the organization of a new Sunday-school was imperative—that went without saying. Fortunately a very efficient superintendent (Mr. L. L. Barton) was available and an excellent staff of teachers—volunteers—was secured. It was not long before above ninety names were on the rolls, with a fair average attendance. So far, so good.

But churches are in the habit of having mid-week meetings. Without them churches seem to be, and are, dead. It was deemed best to substitute, for the customary prayer-meeting, meetings of a social and educational nature; musical and literary entertainments, discussions of living issues, etc.; usually opening them with Scripture recitation, hymns, and prayer, to create at least a healthful religious atmosphere. The smallest attendance at these meetings—a dozen—came to hear a lecturer from the State College. It was a mighty good lecture and the people of Sprague do not know yet how much they missed. The largest attendance was one hundred and thirty—with the average falling somewhere between fifty and sixty. On the whole, under local conditions, it proved to be a gratifying solution of the mid-week meeting problem. What next?

The building-up of the church in active membership was next and the hardest problem, apparently, of all. It only appeared to be so. It was not hard at all. The pastor spent four months in getting acquainted with the people and their religious composition. He found Unitarians, Universalists, Presbyterians, Christians, Baptists, and religionists of various other brands, without organization or church building. Some of these, but not all, had drifted into the Methodist, Lutheran, or Catholic church (into the last, by marriage, as a rule through which the Catholics win many of our stupid Protestants).

Under these conditions, it seemed wise and well to the pastor to have his Congregational church converted into a community church (under Congregational auspices), into which any and all could come without changing their brands at all. He had cards, like the following, printed, as a statement of principles, and got busy.

"The Community Church of Sprague, Washington."

"In order to build up a strong Community Church in Sprague, the following, for this particular purpose, shall be regarded as a sufficient statement of religious belief:

We believe in the Father, the God of Love, with whom we can and ought to live in right filial relations, as his children.

Being children of a common Father, we recognize that it is our duty to live in kindly, fraternal, helpful relations with all mankind, in the spirit of the Good Samaritan and of the Golden Rule.

In subscribing to the foregoing brief statement of belief and in uniting with this Community Church, we do not thereby withdraw from, or in any way alter our relationship to the religious denomination of our choice.

The rights, privileges and responsibilities of the members, in the business affairs, moral efforts and spiritual worship of the church shall in no way be limited or affected by the different denominational preference of its members.

Persons of good moral character, not members of any church or religious denomination, but who manifest in their lives the Christian spirit and accept as their own the foregoing brief statement of belief, shall be eligible for membership and shall have the same rights, etc., as church members.

For convenience in making out religious reports, it is desirable that the denominational connection of each member be ndicated after his (or her) name.

All of the present members of the Congregational church of Sprague are, from that fact, members of this Community Church; all others, desiring to unite with it, are requested to kindly send their names, through any convenient channel, to W. W. COCHRANE, Minister."

Result: The church added to its rolls the names of eighty new members (including two infants baptized at the morning service), or seventy-eight without the babies.

Thirty of these, or above one-third, were heads of families; one-half or more were in the "teen-age" and the remainder —less than one-fourth—were children under twelve years of age, received into the Children's Department of the church. Of the older folk, a full score came in by baptism, and about three-fourths of them all tied up to the Congregational end of the Community Church. It may be well to say that separate lists are kept of the members, according to denominational connection, so we may know at any time where we are at.

After the evening service, with a sermon by Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Spokane, a light lunch was served in the church parlor, with a very large attendance, and the Lord's Supper was observed at the close of the meal, while each and all were still sociably stretching their legs under the tables. The children of the Children's Department partook of a similar lunch and of the supper in the morning. What the ultimate result of this plan and method will be depends.

Manifestly, this is not a church-union, or federation, movement, but a wider opening of the door of a church to let in all who are of the Christian spirit, without endorsing any particular creed, or signing any church covenant, or confessing any particular form of faith. Each and all are left free to believe what they **can**, which Washington Gladden asserts is better than trying to compel people to swallow **canned** belief. Since no two places are alike and plans that work well in one locality might be unworkable in another, the community-church proposition is not here advocated as the cure-all for run-down churches. Church-federation, or the elimination of an over-dose of small churches, may be wiser for many situations.

W. W. COCHRANE.

OBSERVATIONS.

The Observer has recently enjoyed a short sojourn in Oregon. Enroute to Portland he was favored with a conference with Rev. G. S. Brett, who with his excellent wife, is leading our forces in Ashland. He found in recently assuming the work the friends somewhat discouraged, but under his wise generalship the outlook is brightening, and he is looking forward to some of the best experiences ever granted this southernmost church in the Web-foot state. Business has a long time been far from prosperous—and owing to great expense made necessary by improving streets our church has felt the financial burden rather oppressive—but our missionary societies have stood loyally by the struggling people—and soon a visit is expected from the enthuisastic new superintendent, Rev. A. J. Sullens, whose wise counsels it is hoped will make plain a way of relief. Ashland is a beautiful town near the southern boundary of the state, is situated at the foot of the Siskiyou mountains, has an attractive climate, produces some of the finest fruits grown on the coast, is up-to-date in modern improvements, and has a substantial population, a goodly portion of which attend the several churches located in different parts of the town. Ours has a most excellent location on the boulevard, with one of the most attractive parsonages occupied by western Congregational ministers, and will, we hope, be the center of as fine work as we have in any town of the same size either in Oregon or any other coast state.

'Tis only a night's ride from Ashland to the metropolis on the Willamette, and the writer always rejoices when his train draws into the Union Depot, and he is permitted to inhale the pure, invigorating air of Portland. His reception was rather moist, but the rainy weather of Oregon is always tonic and one feels ready for the hard problems if any are ever presented by Congregational work in this beautiful city. Bright days also dawn and if any one thinks there is nothing but rain he is mightily mistaken. The writer has seen not a little of this vast country of ours and some of the finest weather ever experienced has been in and about Portland.

His mission in April was to be present at Pilgrim church, as the friends sought to rid themselves of a burdensome debt. In a section of the east side north this church is located, and the pastor, Rev. W. C. Kantner, D. D., ably seconded by the untiring efforts of the Mistress of the Manse, is gathering together a somewhat scattered flock, whose experiences had not been the most happy in some of the pastors rather hastily chosen. Street developments have been bearing heavily upon the not overfull exchequer of Pilgrim, and with times not yet prosperous, though tending in that direction, the people were almost in despair. Fortunately some encouraging words came from the Building Society and at a Friday evening social and the morning service the following Sunday, a goodly sum was promised and Pilgrim looks forward to larger realizations than has been vouchsafed her in recent years. Here is a Sunday Scchool of nearly 200 members—a section of the city by no means over-churched, a faithful band of men and women, not burdened with riches, but devoted to the building up of the Master's kingdom. May blessings attend the self-sacrificing labors of the pastor and people.

A few miles further north and we are at Scappoose, a village on the Astoria railroad, where for a quarter of a century or more we have had awork, not always encouraging, but vital enough to maintain existence and appeal to denominational influences. Recently the little flock was made glad by the coming of the Rev. C. H. Johnston, once a Methodist missionary in Natal, South Africa. He, his wife and daughter, are admirably fitted for this field, and while mother and daughter charm with their sweet singing, the husband and father preaches excellent sermons and renders the community his debtor by his unselfish devotion to the highest interests, physical, intellectual, spiritual. Not satisfied with the somewhat forlorn meeting house, he challenged C. C. B. S. with a goodly sum raised by the people, and now in a renovated building, admirably adapted to modern work, he rallies both old and young until on a recent Sunday evening—dark and forbidding—nearly every available seat was occupied. Scappoose is rejoicing and trusts they may be undisturbed in the delightful union of pulpit and pew. Other churches are warned to keep hands off.

Fortunately the Observer was privileged to attend the spring meeting of the Portland Association. It gathered in Atkinson Memorial Church, presided over by the Rev. Warren Morse, not long since of Bellingham, Wash., formerly of Maine. He and his good wife evidently were preordained for this work and the church—one of the youngest of the Association—is quietly pushing ahead, with large hope for grand realizations in the near future.

The Association was well attended, delegates coming from well nigh, if not indeed, every one of the twenty or more churches now enrolled. Our alert Superintendent of Home Missions was present, ready to give encouragement to any desponding churches or pastors, and seeking to enthuse the interested audiences in the new Congregationalism of which he is an eloquent advocate. Secretary Hinman was there with his pictures adorning the walls and his voice persuading the friends that there is no greater work than "preparing" personalities, especially of the neglected races, for the war which must be continually waged against the

forces of evil. Aside from the reports of the churches and discussions following, well-prepared addresses on timely subjects, an interesting feature was the concluding half-hour of each session under the leadership of the popular pastor of University Church, Seattle, the Rev. H. C. Mason. This worker for the last fourteen years among students, brought forth things fresh and stimulating upon the spiritual life, giving one of the finest definitions of spiritualitty and exhorting his hearers to take more time to be alone with God. Altogether, the occasion was a happy one, profitable in the extreme, and those in attendance must have returned to their churches strengthened for greater service in the days just before them.

OBSERVER.

SERIES OF SERMONS ON THE EUROPEAN NATIONS.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, is preaching a series of Sunday evening sermons that have to do with the different European nations. On the 13th of May he will speak on "The Germany with Whom We Are at Peace." On May 20, "The Soul of Russia."

Last Sunday evening he spoke on "The Ideals of France." The following is an excerpt therefrom:

The Ideals of France.

"The great dominant ideals of France are three, civilization, democracy and patriotism. The passion for civilization is obvious even to the passing visitor. There is less of primitive savagery in French life and landscape and more of studied beauty, refinement and courtesy than in any other country in the world. No other land is so completely unreservedly and joyously civilized as France. This civilization, so apparent on the surface, was mistaken by Germany for decadence, with tragic results.

"But the cvilization of France is not decadence because beneath it is another ideal, a great passion for democracy. In the hundred years from Voltaire and Rousseau to Victor Hugo, France suffered and struggled to achieve democracy. No other great country, except our own, has so completely attained the democratic spirit, and France has done so against the tremendous odds of monarchical traditions at home and in the surrounding nations, and the added handicap of a monarchical organization of religion and the necessity of universal military service. But, in spite of all, France has progressed steadily toward democracy and the motto, Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite, which the foreign visitor reads with an amused smile as he sees it plastered both on the Cathedral of Notre Dame and on the morgue behind it, represents a reality in France. In life and in death democracy is the great ideal.

"Beneath democracy is a foundation older and deeper, it is patriotism. To understand French patriotism you need to know the story of Joan of Arc. The supreme hero of the French people is a patriotic peasant girl of seventeen with a great loyalty to her king and a simple but sublime faith in God and the angels. The essence of French patriotism is there in the story of that peasant girl. Its democracy, its mysticism, its dash and picturesqueness, its sublime courage, all are symbolized in Joan of Arc."

In connection with this sermon there was a program of French Music. The evening he speaks on Germany, there will be German music; and in connection with "The Soul of Russia," there will be Russian music.

Next Sunday evening President Reinhardt of Mills College will speak, and the music will be by the Mills College Choir.

ACTIVITY AT NILES.

The First Congregational Church of Niles is setting an example to some of our larger churches in the matter of raising the apportionment. During the months of November and December the church raised the entire amount asked of them for 1916 and sent the cash to the different societies. The entire amount for 1917 has been pledged in full and the first quarter was remitted on time. In addition the church made an Easter Offering of $201.50 which is being sent to the Church Building Society to apply on the amount loaned some years ago for the completion of the fine building in which the Niles people meet for worship and social activities.

The church has called Rev. Harley H. Gill, of the Pacific School of Religion, as their pastor. During the past six months in which Mr. Gill has supplied the pulpit, nineteen new members have been added, 3 by letter and 16 on confession or re-confession. There has been a substantial increase in the pastor's salary, and he is to take up his residence on the field.

ANNUAL OUTDOOR MEETING.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will hold their annual outdoor meeting in Mill Valley. President Nash of the Pacific School of Religion will speak on "The Real Thing." As usual the families of the ministers will be in attendance. Running races and ball games by the ladies as usual. The water in the little mountain stream is not deep, and the children will have leave to tumble in as aforetime. It never does them any harm after the shock is over. If their own mothers are not on hand to pull them out, others will be, or they will soon pull themselves out.

Take the 9:45 Sausalito boat.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CONFERENCE.

The twenty-first annual meeting will be held at Ontario on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week. President Blaisdell of Pomona College will give the annual sermon on Monday evening. Dr. Aked will speak Tuesday evening on "The Place of America in the Recreation of the World."

Wednesday afternoon Mr. J. Stitt Wilson of Berkeley will speak Tuesday forenoon, the Rev. Dr. Kingman of Claremont will speak on "The Spiritual Succession of Social Servants." Wednesday forenoon, Dr. James M. Campbell on "The More Abundant Life." There are many other topics to be considered by other able speakers.

WASHINGTON.

In response to the appeal of the Federal Council, the Colfax Church has subscribed $66.97 a month for twelve months, for the aid of the needy children of Belguim. The first month's installment has been sent to The Congregationalist.

A well attended and enthusiastic patriotic meeting was held at Almira recently, when Rev. J. Morgan Lewis, was the principal speaker.

The Odessa Church has called the Rev. W. S. Pritchard, for the fourth year, and has increased his salary.

The Deer Park paper published a sermon of Rev. Wm.

Worthington on "What About the War?" It shows that the author has grasped the situation, and no wonder that it created much interest when delivered, and its publication requested.

Brother Worthington is getting a strong hold on the community.

About a dozen of Whitman College students, the most of them seniors, have passed the first examination for the Officers' Reserve Corps. Among them are two sons of Rev. Geo. H. Lee, and one son of Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

The wives of Revs. J. A. Long of Medical Lake, and O. B. Whitmore of Ritzville are confined to their homes as the result of accidents.

Rev. Frank E. Whitham of Laurel, Montana passed away following an operation about two months ago. He was a man of good parts, and had pastorates at Ritzville, Washington and Wallace, Idaho. He was also field agent for Whitman College for a year or more. J. E.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Call for Recruits 1917-1918.

Appointments for missionary service in the schools, concentrate chiefly in the early spring. On April 1, annual recommendations come from all institutions, and by May 1 those who are offered reappointment are expected to accept. We then know the bulk of our demands for new workers, though farther vacancies will be occurring from May till October.

Our educational field force roughly classiäed is:

Principals and presidents, 47; Grade teachers, 117; High school teachers, 119; (including junior high school departments.) Music teachers, 41; Matrons, 49; (boarding departments, teachers' homes, and dormitories.) Industrial teachers, 83; (domestic science and art, mechanical industries and farming); Treasurers, 5; Clerical and minor positions, 22; College instructors and professors, 57; College deans and administrators, 6.

Experience shows that for the above positions we may anticipate about 100 vacancies annually. We cannot tell in advance in what departments or institutions they will be, but in all the lines above indicated there will be need of recruits.

These lines are to appeal to the young men and women of the churches and Christian schools to fill the ranks. Aplication blanks will be gladly sent, stating requirements. In addition to Christian character and missionary purpose, qualifications of teachers are roughly those of standard American school systems except that examinations are not required.

Vacancies in church work are not so concentrated, and tend to come later in the year. There will, however be call for perhaps half a dozen young ordained ministers in the white race in connection with school openings or possibly superintendencies of mission fields. Our greatest outstanding need right now is for a young and sacrificial man and wife to go to Wales, Alaska.

H. PAUL DOUGLASS,
237 Fourth Ave., New York.

I try to increase thepower God has given me to see the best in everything and every one, and make that Best a part of my life. To what is good open the doors of my being, and jealousy shut them against what is bad.—Helen Keller.

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY ASSOCIATION.

April18 and 19 the Pilgrim Armenian Congregational Church of Fresno entertained the annual meeting of the San Joaquin Valley Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers. The proverbial abounding hospitality of the Armenian people was very much in evidence. The moderator of the meeting was Rev. LaRue C. Watson of Tipton, and the registrar and scribe was Rev. E. D. Weage of Tulare.

The program was of unusual interest, centering around the various activities of the local church, and most of the addresses were followed by practical discussion. The church reports showed quite a steady strong advance of practically all the churches in the Association.

A commission of ministers and laymen was appointed to go to Parlier to examine and ordain Rev. H. A. Kartozian, pastor of the Parlier Congregational Armenian Church. The examination was held on the afternoon of the 19th and the ordaination took place the same evening. The commission was engaged all the next day and evening with the consideration of other matters in connection with the work at Parlier, Reedley and Wahoke, Parlier is to have the full time of Rev. Kartozian and another man will probably be put in charge of the work at Reedley and Wahtoke.

There are several recent changes in pastors. Rev. M. G. Saladian has replaced Mr. D. S. Yenovkian at the Fowler Armenian Church. The Fresno Japanese pastor, Rev. M. Tsuji, has gone to Montebello, and his place has been taken by Rev. J. K. Fukushima. Rev. S. W. Wilcox of Porterville has gone to Cloverdale and Porterville is now being supplied by Rev. Whitaker. Rev. P. M. Ellefsen of Bowles has retired from the active ministry but is supplying the church until his successor can arrive. Rev. LaRue C. Watson of Tipton has accepted a call to the Bowles Church and will transfer his activities to his new field about May 15. Oleander is at present without any pastor.

Keen disappointment was felt over the announcement that the National Council will not meet as planned in Los Angeles this summer. It was voted to send a strong request to national headquarters urging that a council meeting be held in Los Angeles at as early a date as possible.

Rev. E. D. Weage was elected Moderator for the coming year and Rev. LaRue C. Watson was elected registrar for two years. The latter was also elected treasurer for one year. Rev. T. T. Giffen of Fresno was elected a member of the National Council and Rev. M. G. Papazian of Fresno was elected as Alternate. L. C. W.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The Portland Association met with the Atkinson Memorial Congregational Church last Tuesday at 2 p. m. The Rev. F. J. Meyer, of the University Park Church, was elected Moderator, and the Rev. D. J. Taylor, of the St. Helena Church, Scribe. Rev. William C. Kantner, retiring Moderator gave his annual address, reviewing briefly, the spiritual life of the Oregon churches, and in so doing, sounded an optimistic note, and in closing welcomed his successor in office.

The Swedish-Bethania and Finnish Mission Churches were welcomed into the Association.

Rev. George W. Hinman, Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Missionary Association, and Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Pacific Coast Field Secretary of the Congregational Build-

ing Society, both of San Francisco, and Rev. Horace C. Mason, of the University Church, Seattle, were present. The first two addressed the Association upon the work of their respective societies, and the latter spoke several times upon different phases of "The Spiritual Life."

The hour devoted to the "Work of Women in the Church," was presided over by Mrs. A. C. Moses of the Waverly Heights Church, addresses being made by Rev. George W. Hinman, Mrs. Emily Banks and Mr. George Lennon. Mrs. C. H. Johnston and Miss Johnston, of the Scappoose church, sang a duet.

Prof. Robert D. Leigh spoke on "The Changes of the World's Life and Thought by the European Upheaval." Great good, he believed, would be accomplished by this struggle, which had already begun to turn the tide of life in the world.

The discussion of books, led by Rev. L. R. Dyott, occupied an hour of great interest. He suggested the reading of one good book each week, and gave examples of the kind of books he considered good.

Mrs. Harold Gilbert reported on "Old Spain and New America."

Rev. Albert C. Mason presented a chart showing that the gain in the Congregational churches in Oregon for the past year had been seventeen per cent.

Rev. A. J. Sullens, Superintendent of the Home Missionary work for Oregon and Idaho, said he was thankful that the day of ungodly sectarianism was past. Still I believe in denominations," he added. "Do you think that the boys we are sending to fit themselves to protect our country are any less loyal because they are from a particular state? On the contrary, will they not be better able to serve the country knowing they have a state behind them? That is way denominations are to me—parts that make for the efficiency of the great army of Jesus Christ."

Rev. M. J. Fenenga presented the work of Pacific University, and incidentally referred to the old log school house upon its campus as being the oldest in Oregon. The Association agreed to try and aid in doubling the attendance. Prof. Henry I. Bates of that institution, was also present.

The four goals which the church wishes to attain were discussed as follows: "The Tercentenary Programme, by Rev. John J. Staub, of the Sunnyside Church; "The $2,000,000 Goal for Missions," Rev. Charles H. Johnston; "The Memorial Fund," Rev. Joseph Barnett.

The rooms of the church were tastefully decorated with the wild and fragrant flowers found in such profusion near Portland at this time of year, and in addition many wild ferns.

Emphasis was given to the social hours at noon and evening by the serving of meals by the ladies of the church in the lower rooms of the church.

A few days ago a number of the representative ministers of the various denominations, impelled by the gravity of the conditions now existing in the world, particularly in respect to our own country in its relations to the other countries of the world, feeling the need of spiritual guidance, agreed to begin a series of noonday prayer meetings on Friday, May 4th.

Portland, April 29, 1917.

Eternal life is life of eternal principles, and where man lives, not from his outward, but his inward senses, from reason, conscience, and immortal affections, he has immortality. Deathdoes not then bound his horizon, affect his plans, baffle aspirations.—Henry W. Bellows.

The Home

NO ONE BUYS US ANOTHER PAIR OF MITTENS.

From the time when a child first begins to paddle about unsteadily on his own small feet, he is called upon to exercise his power to decide. Shall he go before or back of that chair? Shall he touch the stove or not? Sometimes, when he does not decide intelligently, the resulting experience is painful. Dozens of times in an hour, even in a simple stage of existence, the human being is being called upon to make a decision. Whether an individual becomes a success or a failure is frequently dependent on his ability to decide right at the right time.

Yet parents frequently wait until a child is well past the habit-forming period before any attempt is made systematically to train him to decide quickly and intelligently; they wait to build his character and train his will. When they finally awake to the problem, it is too late.

Will Power Almost Vanished.

Many of our neurasthenics and nervous wrecks can trace the present trouble back to neglect of proper training of the will. Recently there came to a physician for treatment a woman whose case is typical of the subject under discussion. She gave a history of a severe nervous shock due to overwork and unfortunate business conditions. When things had adjusted themselves, as they usually do if we are patient, she found that she was a nervous wreck. Without the companionship and support of her husband, broken in spirit, she faced the world in anything but a hopeful mood. She went from one physician to another in a vain effort to get help. Organically she seemed sound enough; an examination showed no disease; but her nerves had gone utterly beyond her control. He will power was so weakened it was almost negative.

When she came for treatment she was in a pitiable state. She passed her days, as she confessed, in trying to decide things. The most trivial happenings of the day were passed upon with as great expense of nervous energy as though she had to determine the fate of nations. "Shall I wear the white dress or the gray? Had I better take an umbrella or not?" She would spend fifteen or twenty minutes deciding, and then all chances were in favor of her changing her mind at the last moment.

It seems almost ridiculous, viewed from the standpoint of a normal, healthy mind; yet it was tragic to that woman and her family. Her life was being choked by petty details with which she could not compete. The barriers protecting an always weak will were down completely, and a thousand times a day she quivered under the demands of our complicated adult life, while her resources were those of an immature girl.

All efforts of the physician were directed toward building up bodily strength; but, more than that, he aimed to rebuild the weakened will. The first step was to teach the woman to make immediate decisions. If she could make intelligent ones, so much the better; but the important thing was to decide at once and stick to it, even though another choice on mature reflection might have seemed wiser. Naturally the cure was slow and called on every atom of persistence that the patient possessed. When it was complete, the woman uttered a thought full of tragic suggestion: "I wonder whether the whole thing was not the result of improper training in childhood," she said. "When the time of the greatest stress came, the only time when I really had to depend on myself, I could not rise to the task."

Made Her Nervous to be Opposed.

Then she told me something of her childhood. An only child, she had been rather delicate physically; high strung and probably mentally a little precocious. Her parents were proud of her musical talent, and she was given a thorough musical education. She never did any housework, because she wanted to keep her hands in good condition. She was never refused anything because it made her nervous to have her will crossed. Unpleasant things were kept from her, because she was so temperamental and sensitive. Her mother did her hair until the girl was 17. Not until she was 19 did she choose her own clothes, buy her own underwear or in any way depend on herself.

"Mother was such a dominant personality," she explained, loyally, "that I think she did not even notice how she took decisions out of my hands and molded me to her way of thinking. She was twice as hard to oppose, even had I wanted to oppose her, because it was all done out of her love for me. She simply did not know how she was warping me. My husband very naturally fell into mother's attitude toward me; he thought I was to be shielded from everything. You have seen the result."

Her explanation undoubtedly was the right one. It is comforting to know that she made a complete recovery and is now able to take her place as a hard working, well-poised, worth-while member of the community. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that her daughter is receiving an education that is quite different from her own.

We grow by means of the obstacles we overcome. It is a perfectly normal thing for a healthy child to enjoy pitting his strength against a barrier. It is such a normal characteristic, uncontrolled, that makes children desire to break set rules and regulations. Just as the body grows by exercise, the will and self-control develop through use.

For a child's sake do not make things too easy for him. Teach him by example to say "No," when a negative reply is the right one. Lent is a good thing, if for no other reason than it trains a child voluntarily to deny himself something that he really likes.

Allow a child to spend a certain amount of money as he pleases, and as he thinks best. If he makes the wrong decision the fault and consequences are his. I know of at least one youngster who has thoroughly mastered that lesson. He and his younger brother saving money to go on a vacation. They planned to join one of the popular boys' camps. A month or two before school closed Ted became enthusiastic over a canoe. He wished to buy one and consulted his mother.

"You will have to decide for yourself, Ted," she told him. "You know you cannot afford a canoe and the camping trip, too. Father and I cannot give you any more than we have given, except your regular allowance. You had better figure up the expenses and the cost of the canoe, then decide which you wish the more."

Ted decided on the canoe. He is naturally impulsive, and the canoe seemed the only thing in the universe worth while. His brother tried to dissuade him, but the canoe was purchased. Vacation came, brother and his chums went to camp, and Ted faced the problem of seeing them off without squirming and whining that he had to stay at home. He bade them good-by like a soldier, too; but if he did not know the importance of a decision before, he certainly does now.

A child early should be taught to choose his own clothes. Take him with you on short shopping trips. No one would think of advising a mother to keep a child at her side during a hard day of shopping; but there can be no objection to allowing him to go with you for an hour or two while you select his clothes and teach him to select for himself. Then as he learns to feel a confidence in himself, allow him to buy less expensive articles of clothing on his own initiative. There was an amusing example of this kind of shopping in our neighborhood recently. The little shopper is a girl 8 years old. She had a new gray overcoat. Her mother told her to go down to a specified store and get a pair of black or gray mittens that would look well with the coat.

On the way down she met two other little girls who were planning a lovely game of some kind. The only thing that Beth thought much about was getting a pair of mittens with the money she had and then getting back to the discussion of their game, just as soon as possible. Helter-skelter she rushed in and purchased a pair of ugly brown mittens.

In relating the incident to me a few days later she said, "Aren't those the homeliest mitts you ever saw?"

I acknowledged that I thought black or gray might have been better, but I didn't think they were as ugly as she seemed to think. "How did you happen to choose those?" I asked.

Her eyes snapped impishly. It was easy to see that she thoroughly appreciated the joke on herself. "I'll have to keep them now, because I wore them home, but it was all my fault. I was just a——" she hesitated before the word. There was a ban upon the expression in her family, but no other word seemed strong enough to suit her—"a fool! I'll take more time when I buy mittens again."

There is a certain hope for the person who knows wherein he has been foolish, and so strives to guard against a repetition. The mother might have bought a new pair of mittens for Beth, but in life when we make a mistake usually no one is at hand to remedy it by buying another pair of mittens. It is well to learn that lesson early.—Manthei Howe in The Continent.

For The Children.

BENNY'S VICTORY.

See what I've found, mamma!"

Benny's eager little feet almost tripped over each other as they hurried up the steps. His mother sat upon the piazza sewing. Benny had been playing expressman out in the yard. Occasionally his mother found time to stop from her work long enough to take in some package which the little expressman had to deliver.

Just as he was lifting a box from his wagon that he had labeled "handle with care," Benny saw something glisten on the ground. He picked it up and found it to be a new penny, and right there at his feet were three more—four bright new pennies! How Benny's eyes sparkled! He had four more in his pocket that he had earned doing errands. Now he had eight pennies all ready for the Fourth of July. No wonder that his mother raised anxious eyes to see what was coming.

'I found them right down by the gate!" cried breathless Benny holding them out in his chubby hand. "Now I've got eight pennies. I can have two bunches of firecrackers. Hurrah for Fourth of July!"

"When I find anything I always try to discover an owner before I claim it as mine," his mother suggested.

Benny's face clouded. "May I have them if I don't find an owner?" he asked.

"Certainly. If no one claims the money it will then belong to you," his mother replied.

Benny ran away with a beaming face jingling his new-found treasure in his hand. He could almost hear the snapping of that extra bunch of firecrackers the pennies would buy. Then he thrust his hand into his pocket for the other four. He wanted to see them all together. Then the sparkle died out of his face. The pocket was empty. He hurried back to his mother.

"I can't find my other pennies, mamma," he faltered with a catch in his voice.

"Where were they, dear " his mother asked.

"In my pocket," Benny answered; and down went his hand for another hunt.

"Let me feel," said his mother, laying aside her sewing and slipping a couple of fingers into Benny's pocket. Then a smile broke over her face. "A pocket with a hole in it is not a very safe place for pennies," she remarked.

"D—do you s'p'ose I've lost 'em?" Two great tears were rolling down Benny's cheeks.

"I am afraid so," his mother admitted. "But I also think you have found them again,' she assured him, pointing to the four bright pennies in his hand.

"And I've only got four, after all," Benny responded ruefully. "I guess that is what Uncle John would call a disappointment, isn't it, mamma?" he asked, bravely, winking back a couple of tears that the thought of the extra bunch of firecrackers he could not now have had started.

"Yes dear, that is just what it is," affirmed his mother. "You have found some money, and now you have lost the same amount, which leaves you no richer than you were before. But disappointments may be turned to blessings if we so choose," she went on to say, "and the person who resolves to make the besct of a disappointment and put it from his mind is a victor."

"I thought victors wore shoulder-straps like Uncle John did when he came home from the Spanish War," Benny argued. He couldn't quite understand how just losing something and then trying to forget it was to make him a splendid victor like his Uncle John.

"Not all victors were epaulettes. I have known some to wear very shabby clothing, for everyone who conquers a temptation or a fault is a victor over that temptation or fault. It isn't always necessary to go to war to gain a victory," Benn's mother explained.

Benny had always greatly admired his Uncle John. He would give a good deal to be like him. A victor was brave. Uncle John was brave. O, how he wished—

Suddenly a smile broke over his face. He would be one of those shabbily dressed victors his mother had spoken of. He would be contented with his one bunch of firecrackers and forget all about the other bunch he had hoped to have.

"Hurrah! I'm a victor—a brave victor like Uncle John!" he shouted, marching up and down the piazza. "I'm a ragged victor with a hole in my pocket! But I don't believe I shall put any money in that pocket again until it is mended," he added with a shrewd smile.—Helen M. Richardson in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

MRS. TREE'S PARTY.

As little Constance and I rode in the automobile through the park, on our way to town, the snow on the roofs of the houses along the way seemed to be hanging by threads, ready to slip off at any moment. Flakes of snow of the oddest shapes came dancing down by millions from the sky, kissing the trees and the travelers, and piling up each shrub until every branch and every twig bowed under the weight.

Constance jumped up, and kneeling on the cushions, put her face close to the window, so that she would not lose a bit of the beautiful snowfall.

Thinking that it would entertain my little friend, I said: "Mrs. Tree is giving a party, Constance, and all the big and the little trees are dressed in their best white gowns."

Constance clapped her hands with joy at the thought. Encouraged at the response, I went on.

"See Grandpa Elm, with his striped trousers," for one side of the tree was stuck fast with snow, while the other was wet and dark. "Look, Constance, at his long beard, and his curly white hair."

"Isn't Grandma coming to the party?" cried Constance.

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "we shall see her in a minute. There is Grandma Maple, dressed in white satin! What beautiful icicle earrings she wears. How elegant Miss Oak looks, gowned in brown velvet trimmed with ermine. She acts a little haughty, doesn't she? Oh, Constance, see how pretty is little Barberry Bush in her white angora bonnet, with red beads around her neck. Miss Pine streaches out her white-gloved hands and greets Grandpa Elm."

"Did you ever see such clean white dresses?" cried Constance, brimming over with frolic.

"No, dear, I never did," I replied. "Even the mothers of the little weeds have dressed them in beautiful clothes. How glad I am that even the smallest weed is invited to the party. Mrs. Tree loves all alike. The weeds' white dresses make them look quite as pretty as the most costly shrub," I exclaimed. "Mrs. Beech, too, looks well, I think, with her new pearl necklace and her coat trimmed with eiderdown. See, Contance, there is Miss Squirrel scampering to the party. Look at her, tripping across the white velvet carpet. Her mother has curled her tail and put a white bow on her back. Her brother, Mr. John Squirrel, is the caterer for the day."

"What can he bring to eat?" laughed Constance.

"Walnuts freshly dug from his storehouse," I replied. "What could be better, with snow ice cream? Mrs. Tree knows that all the little shrubs and bushes are longing to dance. Constance. Hear her say, 'Can't anyone sing for the children to dance?' "

Nothing would satisfy my little friend but that the automobile should stop, so that we could hear all that was said.

"Tell me what they are saying now, Auntie," urged Constance. Thus encouraged, I continued.

" 'I shall be glad to sing my prettiest song,' answers Miss Pine. Hear the murmurings! The little bushes cry, 'Oh, Miss Pine, your song is so mournful! We cannot dance to that kind of music.' Ah, here comes Mr. Crow, wearing his black velvet suit and tall hat. 'It will make me happy to sing for you to dance. Caw-caw-caw-caw,' he cries. See the little bushes put their hands to their ears."

"Imagine dancing to that," giggled Constance.

"Now Mrs. Blue Jay arrives at the festivities."

"What kind of clothes does she wear?" asks the happy child beside me.

"Why, blue satin, direct from Paris," I answered. "Perhaps she can sing better dance music."

"Oh, not even the weed children would want to dance to that," laughed my little companion, when Mrs. Blue Jay sing her sharp shrill song.

"Oh, Constance, we did not know that Mr. Owl was at the party until this moment. There he is, perching on Grandpa's shoulder, calling out, 'Whoo, whoo, whoo.' He wents to know who, who, who, can furnish the dance music. Now the hostess is saying, 'Isn't there anybody

here who knows a little two-step tune?" for she sees that the shrubs are almost ready to give up their dance.

"'I do,' says Mr. Wind, who has just arrived. 'I will whistle and give you the best tunes you ever had.' Listen, he is piping up such a beautiful air that even Grandpa's beard sways and Grandma's icicle earrings blow back and forth. The trees and shrubs wave their arms in gay response to the whistling of Mr. Wind, and dance to their hearts' content."

At the moment when joyous activity was at its height, the sun, robed in glorious yellow, burst from its hiding place behind the clouds, and threw diamond necklaces around every tree, and scattered tiny diamonds all over the white velvet carpet. How everything danced and everything sparkled!

"Oh, Auntie, Auntie," said little Coostance, jumping up and down, "there was never such a pretty party! I wish all the little boys and girls in the whole world were here."

Religion, in one sense, is a life of self-denial; but self-denial does not belong to religion as characteristic of it, it belongs to human life. The lower nature must always be denied whenwe are trying to rise to a higher sphere.—H. W. Beecher.

Where aspiration is wanting, the soul creeps; it cannot fly. It is at best a caged bird, curiously busy in counting and classifying the bars of its own confinement.—John Stuart Blackie.

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